Mighty mirth with Mighty Moth on page 5.

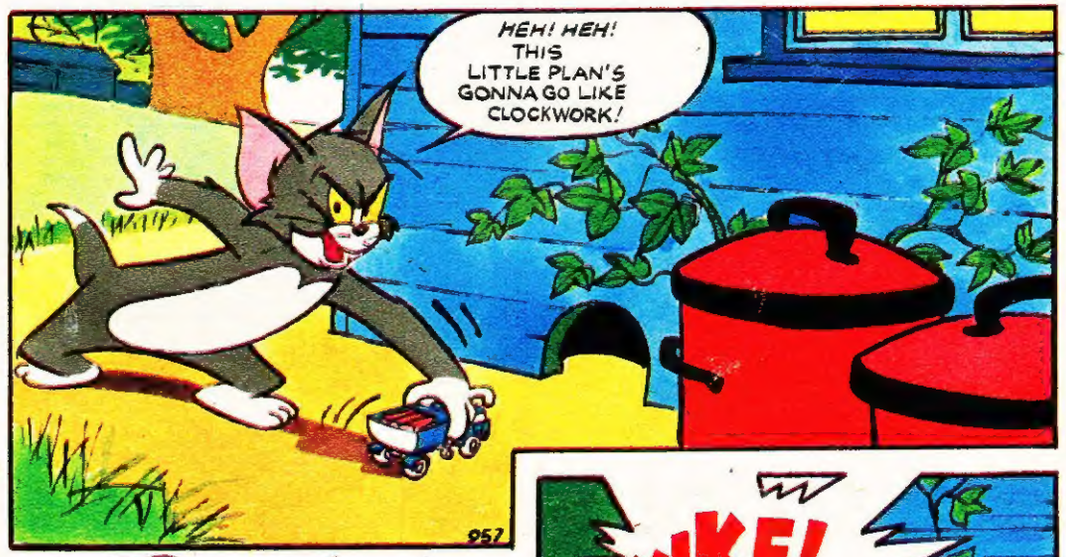
TV COMIC

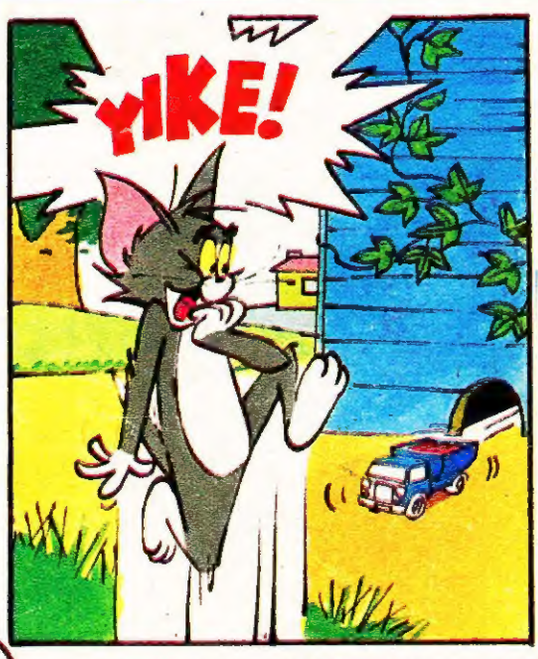
8d

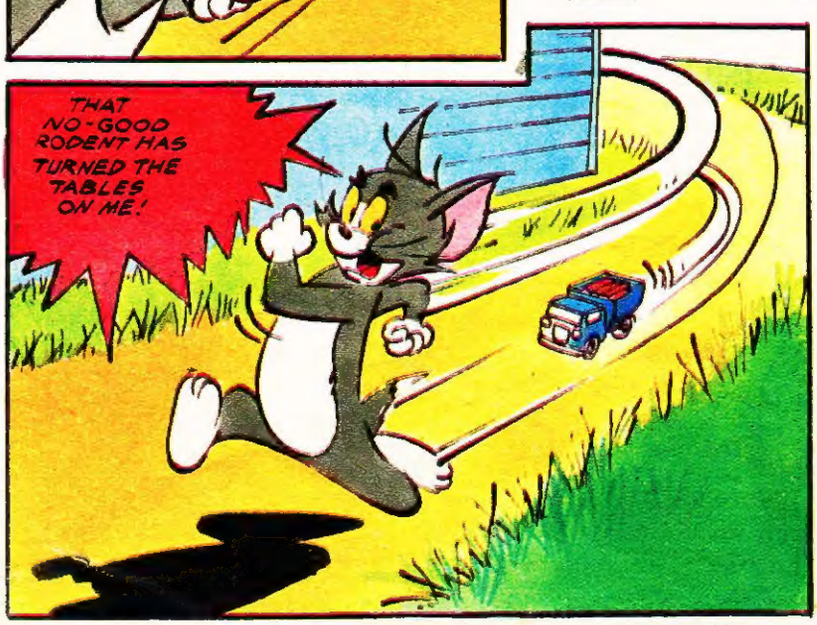
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

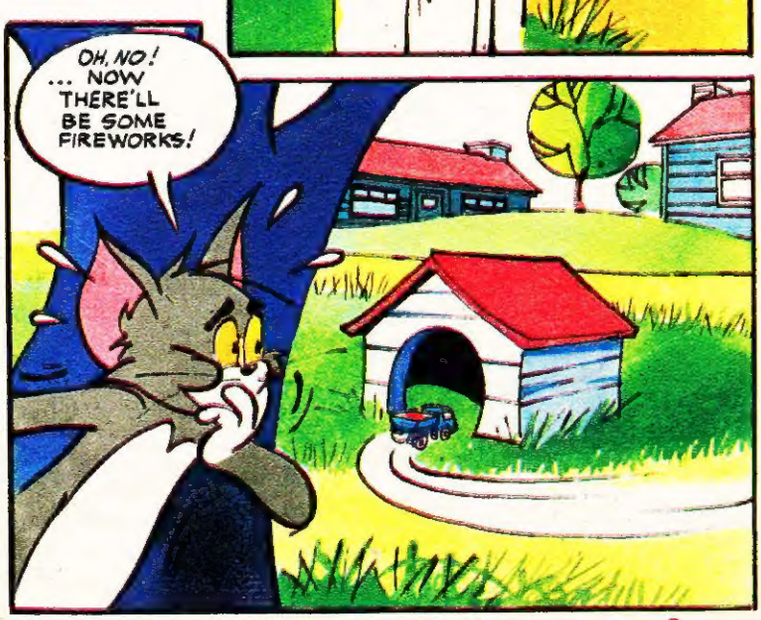
Every Monday | Week Ending 18th April, 1970 | Number 957

TOM and JERRY









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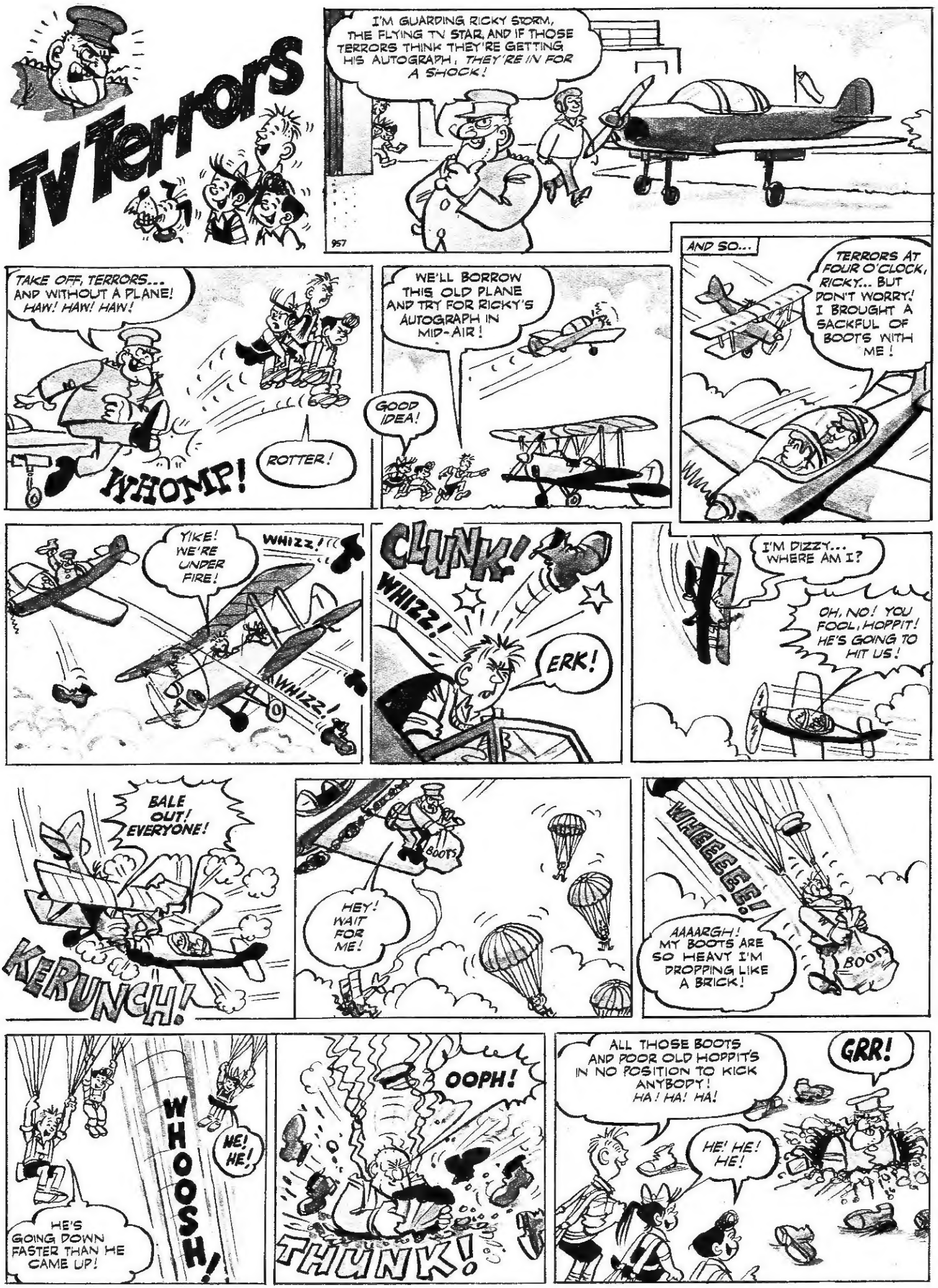
More mouseterics on page 2.

SO...
OH, WELL! AT LEAST WE'VE A ROOF OVER OUR HEADS TILL THE BUILDERS ARRIVE!
POOR OLD TOM'LL BE A VERY SOGGY MOGGY BY THE MORNING! TE! HE! HE!

Lookout for Tom & Jerry as dear old pals!

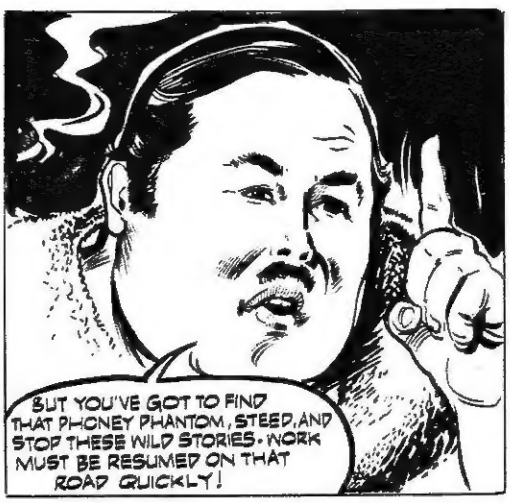

TV Terrors
I'M GUARDING RICKY STORM, THE FLYING TV STAR, AND IF THOSE TERRORS THINK THEY'RE GETTING HIS AUTOGRAPH, THEY'RE IN FOR A SHOCK!
957
TAKE OFF, TERRORS... AND WITHOUT A PLANE! HAW! HAW! HAW!
WHOMP!
ROTTER!
WE'LL BORROW THIS OLD PLANE AND TRY FOR RICKY'S AUTOGRAPH IN MID-AIR!
GOOD IDEA!
AND SO...
TERRORS AT FOUR O'CLOCK, RICKY... BUT DON'T WORRY! I BROUGHT A SACKFUL OF BOOTS WITH ME!
YIKE! WE'RE UNDER FIRE!
WHIZZ!
WHIZZ!
CLUNK!
WHIZZ!
ERK!
I'M DIZZY... WHERE AM I?
OH, NO! YOU FOOL, HOPPIT! HE'S GOING TO HIT US!
BALE OUT! EVERYONE!
KERUNCH!
BOOTS
HEY! WAIT FOR ME!
WHEEEEE!
AAAARGH! MY BOOTS ARE SO HEAVY I'M DROPPING LIKE A BRICK!
BOOTS
WHOOSH!
HE! HE!
HE'S GOING DOWN FASTER THAN HE CAME UP!
OOPH!
THUNK!
ALL THOSE BOOTS AND POOR OLD HOPPIT'S IN NO POSITION TO KICK ANYBODY! HA! HA! HA!
GRR!
HE! HE! HE!

Dirty deeds next week from Hoppit's dirty boots!

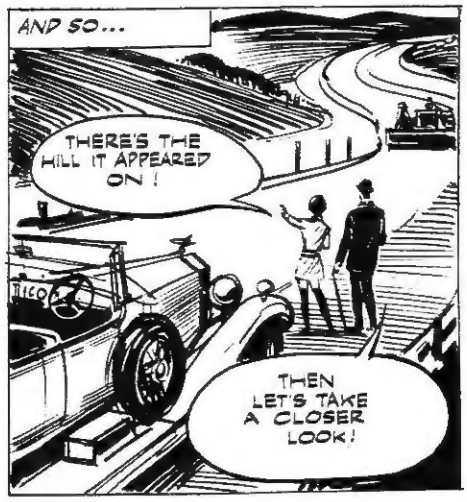
THE AVENGERS

PANIC breaks out amongst men constructing a new motorway when the ghost of an ancient Roman appears, and all work on the road ceases.
Mother—who is taking the waters at a nearby spa town for his health—orders Steed and Tara King to investigate.

SO THE MEN CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN THE GHOST OF THE FAMOUS ROMAN GOVERNOR, IGNATIUS TIBERIUS!
ALL POPPYCOCK, OF COURSE! NO SUCH THING AS GHOSTS!
#57



WELL, WHERE DO WE START SPOOK HUNTING, STEED?
AT THE SITE, TARA - WE'LL TRY TO FIND OUT WHERE IGNATIUS POPPED UP FROM AND VANISHED TO.

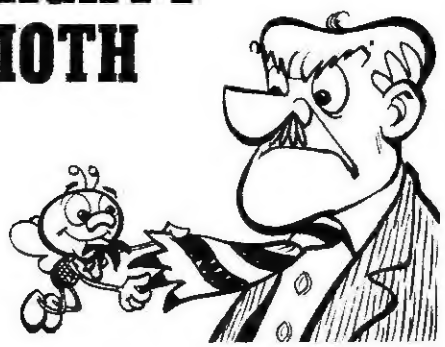


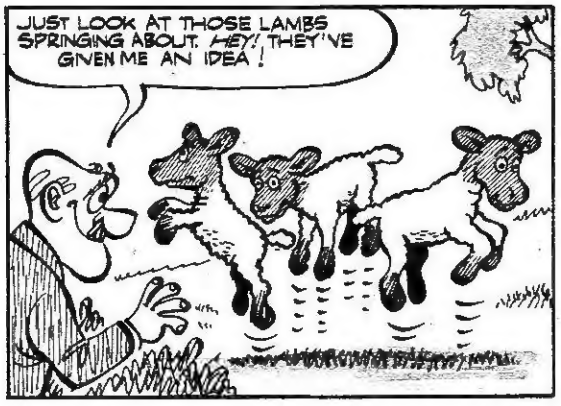
BUT AFTER A CAREFUL EXAMINATION...
NOTHING - JUST DRUID RUINS!
YET IT MUST HAVE COME HERE... WE MUST FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS PLACE.

Based on the Thames Television production

Keep trailing the 'ghosts' with Steed and Tara.

MIGHTY MOTH





Dad and Mighty are still at it next week.

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE has caused trouble in a cinema. He only ran in there to hide, but when he saw Normans on the screen he leaped on to the stage and stabbed at them with a silver candlestick. Unfortunately, the candlestick is a stolen one, and a policeman is there ready to arrest him . . .

HATEFUL NORMANS! THEY HAVE ME CHAINED AT LAST!
THIS IS WHERE WE FADE OUT, ENRY...
NO, YOU DON'T, FELLERS... YOU COME ALONG TO THE STATION AS WITNESSES!
957

CAUGHT 'IM RED-HANDED, SARGE... WILFUL DAMAGE, CAUSIN' A DISTURBANCE AND CARRYIN' STOLEN PROPERTY... THESE GENTLEMEN ARE WITNESSES!
THAT'S RIGHT, SARGE... WE'RE ALL OUTA PUFF CHASIN' HIM!

'TIS A LIE MOST FOUL! I DID BUT SAVE MY LIFE FROM NORMANS, AN' 'TWAS THE SPIRITS THAT GAVE ME SILVER!
I'VE HEARD SOME GOOD EXCUSES IN ME TIME, BUT 'SPIRITS' IS A NEW ONE ON ME... GOT ANYTHING TO PROVE YOUR IDENTITY...?

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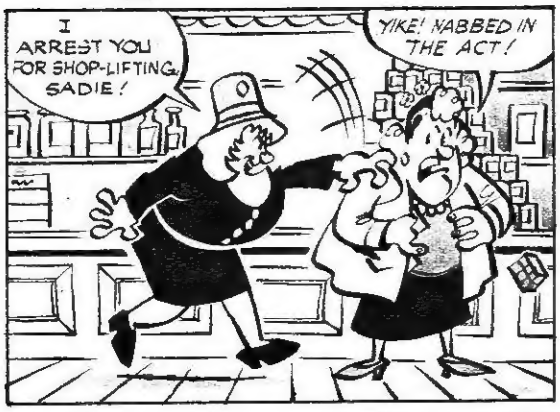
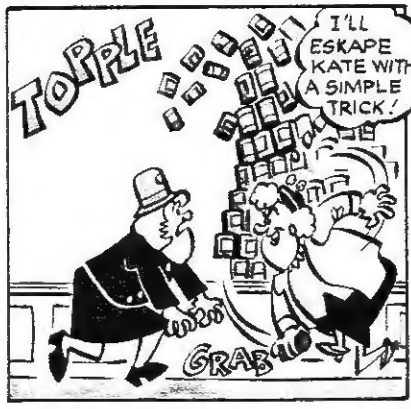
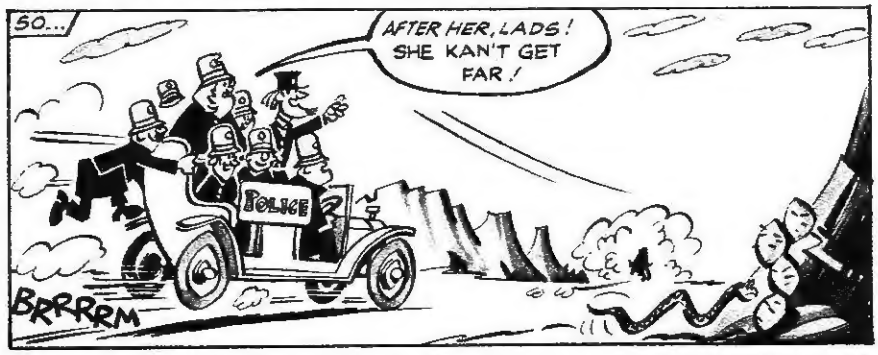
Pursued by the police! Will Catweazle escape?

Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES featuring the Keystone Kops







Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

' A-REST ' in klink next week for the Kops.

Tich and Quackers

PUFF! I'LL JUST FIND A NICE SPOT AND SETTLE DOWN... GASP! ... FOR A BIG FEED!

957

FANCY BUMPING INTO YOU, PERCY! HOW ABOUT LETTING US JOIN YOUR PICNIC?

CLEAR OFF, RIFF RAFF! I WOULDN'T SHARE A DOLLY MIXTURE WITH YOU TWO!

BAH! GREEDY PIG... WE'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON!

BEWARE OF THE BULL

SNORT!

IF PERCY DOESN'T WANT OUR COMPANY, WE'LL LET SOMEONE ELSE JOIN HIM FOR HIS PICNIC! HEH! HEH!

THUNDER! THUNDER!

YEYIKE! A BULL!

THUNDER!

PHEW! THIS CALLS FOR SWIFT THINKING AND COOL NERVE!

THUNDER!

WOW! WHY ISN'T PERCY RUNNING? GULP!

SNORT!

OLE!

?

AGAIN AND AGAIN PERCY 'PLAYS' THE BULL...

WHOOOSH!

UNTIL AT LAST...

I THINK THE BULL'S HAD ENOUGH! TE! HE!

THAT LITTLE EXERCISE HAS BUILT UP MY APPETITE ... NOW I SHALL ENJOY MY PICNIC ALL THE MORE!

GLOOM

OH, NO!

THERE'S NONE LEFT!

BULLY FOR 'DOBBIN' ... I'LL PROBABLY LAUGH MYSELF HORSE! HA! HA! HA!

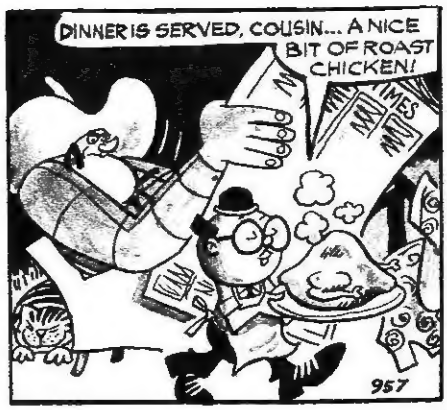
HE! HE!

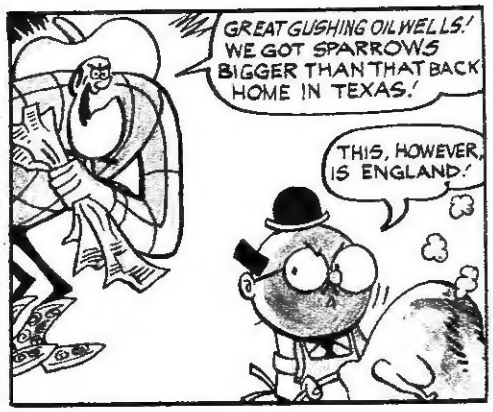
© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970
based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

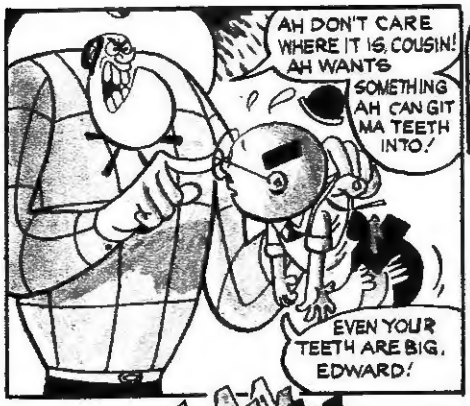
Next week—A 'dog's' life for our duck.

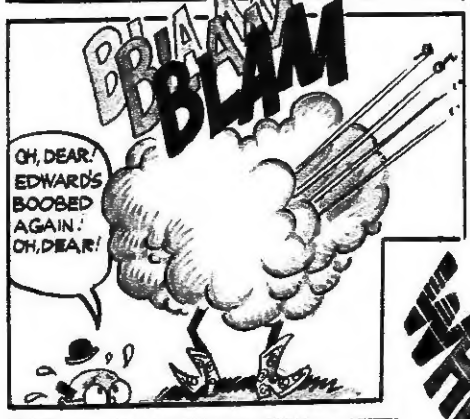
TEXAS TED

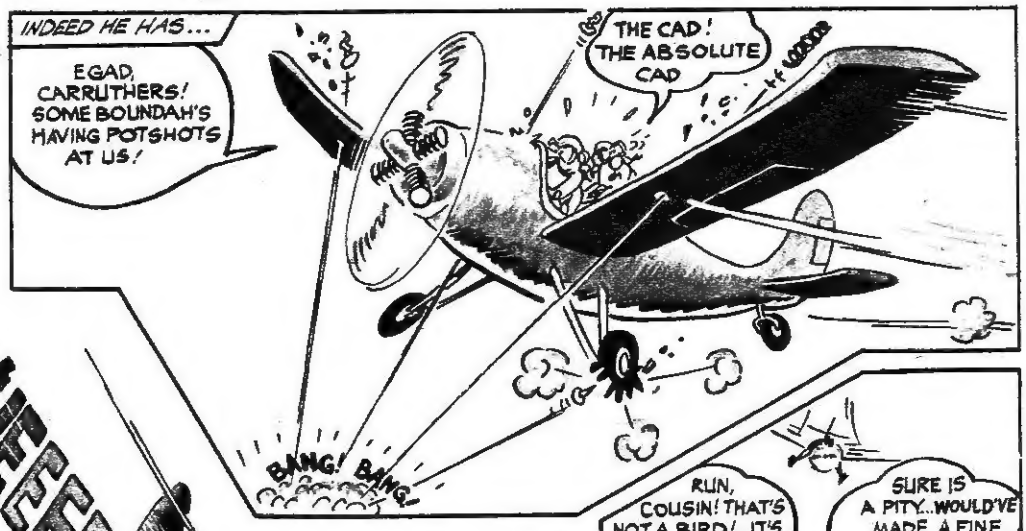
Big hat, big head

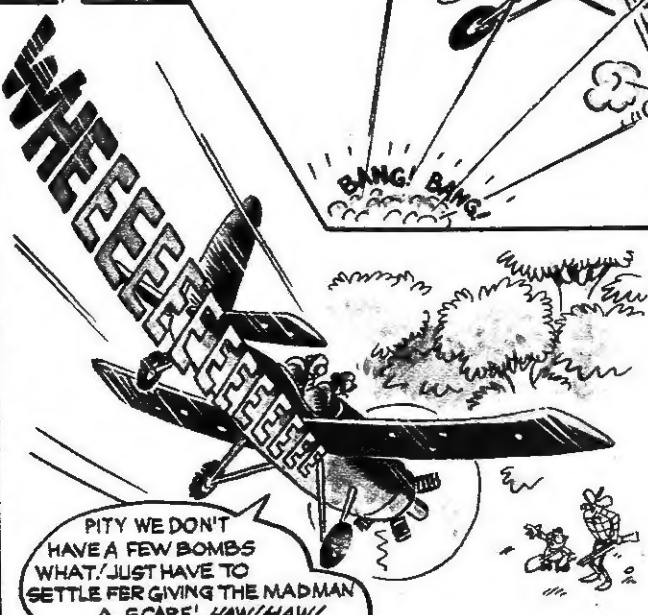


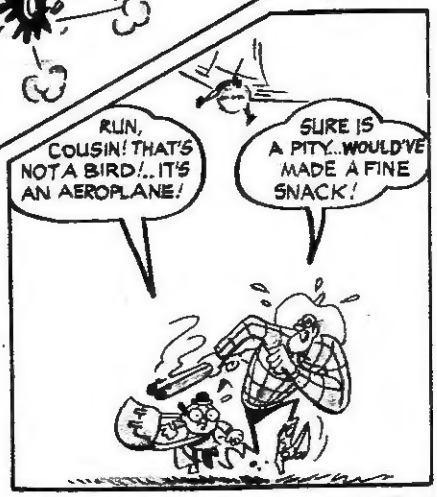


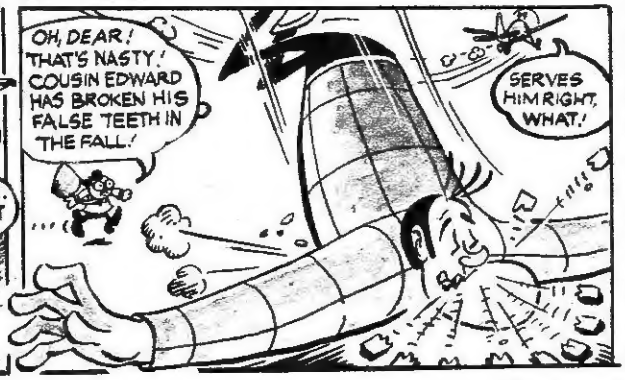




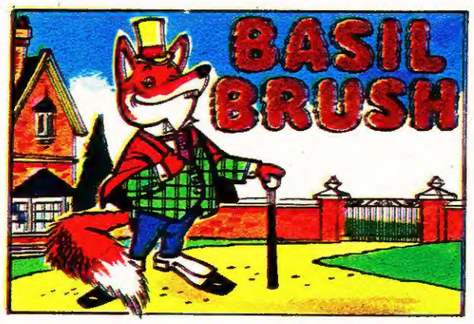








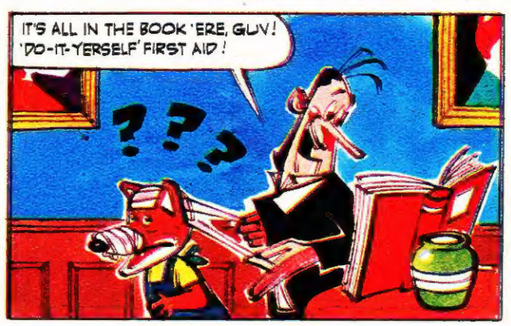
Big laughs with Big Head next week.



IT SHALL BE DONE, CHUMMERS! WHILE YOU HAVE BEEN STANDING THERE I HAVE BEEN STUDYING THIS VOLUME ON 'DO-IT-YOURSELF'! I SHALL FIX IT MYSELF!
SNAP!
OH, NO! IT'S A JOB FOR A SLATER, GUV! I'LL PHONE ONE!

A STROKE OF LUCK INDEED, CHUMMERS! JUST A FEW SCRATCHES! NO BONES BROKEN!
THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT! MAYBE YOU'LL FORGET ABOUT THIS 'DO-IT-YERSELF' STUFF NOW, GUV!

ER- WE'D BETTER PUT SOMETHING ON THESE SCRATCHES FIRST - MUSTN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON THEM GETTING INFECTED!
AS YOU WISH! BUT DO BE QUICK, CHUMMERS.



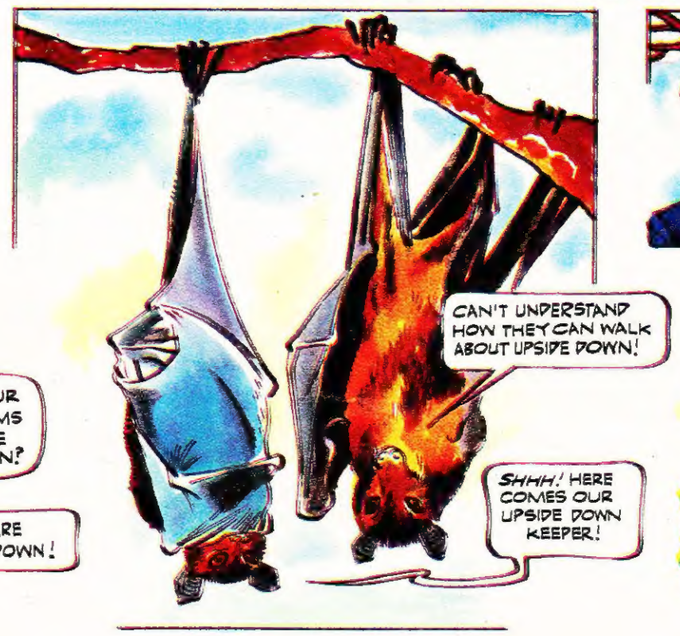
YOU CAD, CHUMMERS! I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT THIS IS PROPER TREATMENT FOR A FEW SILLY SCRATCHES! I'LL STOP YOUR TEA AND CRUMPETS!
WELL, THAT'S THAT! I'D BETTER PHONE FOR THE WORKMEN, NOW- YOU'RE IN NO STATE TO GO FIXING GUTTERS, GUV!

Keep romping along with Basil and Chummers.

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

THE Fruit Bat is sometimes called the Flying Fox and Fruit Bats have got rather Foxy Faces. They are very large, with a wing span of five feet, and come from Malaya or Indonesia.



HALLO, FRUIT BATS, WHY DO YOU ALL CROWD ONTO ONE BRANCH?
IT'S EASIER FOR CHATTING, YOU KNOW!
YOU HANG LIKE THAT IN THE UNDERGROUND TRAIN, DON'T YOU, DADDY?
QUIET! I CAME HERE TO ENJOY MYSELF!

More animal humour next week.

ASTRONUT

OSCAR IS STAYING WITH ASTRO ON MARS...
TOWEL
ASTRO'S FLOWN OFF TO HELP A SPACE SHIP IN DISTRESS... WHILE HE'S GONE I'LL RAID THE PANTRY FOR A SNACK! TE' HE!
957
OH, BOY! SUPER PILLS... I WONDER IF I DARE TAKE ONE!
MARTIAN MUSHROOM
SUPER PILLS
WELL, HERE GOES! GULP!
WOW! I'VE TURNED INTO SUPER OSCAR!
NOW I CAN USE MY SUPER POWERS TO HELP PEOPLE ALL OVER THE UNIVERSE... JUST LIKE ASTRO!
SALIBA
I'LL TRY FLYING FIRST... WHOA! I'M A LITTLE WOBBLY!
HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE FLYING!
CAN'T SEEM TO CONTROL MY DIRECTION AT ALL!
SORRY, FELLERS!
OOF!
CRUNCH!
DEAR ME THAT REALLY WAS A BAD CRASH!
PHEW! FANCY ME NOT NOTICING THAT BUILDING!
SMASH!
GOODNESS GRACIOUS... THAT'S OSCAR! WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING IN THAT SILLY COSTUME?
HELP!
ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS HELP PEOPLE AS SUPER OSCAR!
JUDGING BY THE DAMAGE, I'D SAY THE BEST WAY YOU CAN HELP PEOPLE IS TO BECOME ORDINARY OSCAR!

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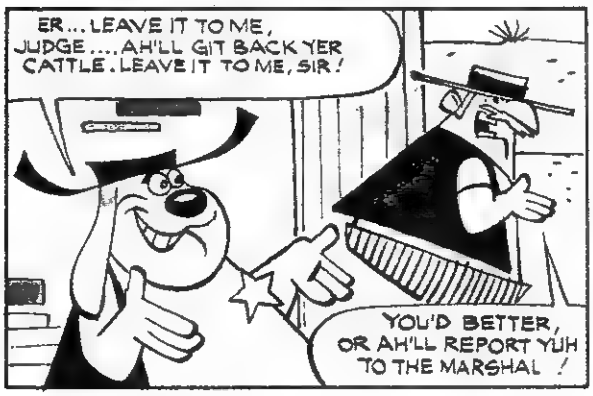
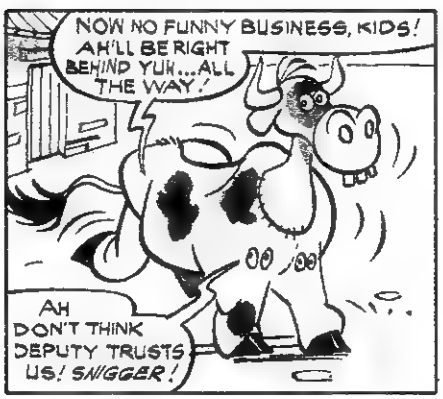
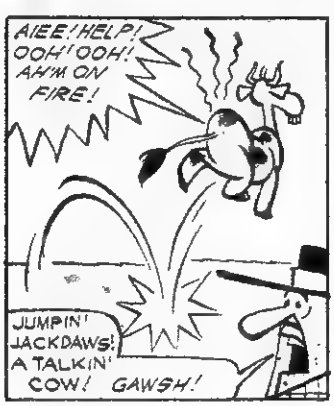
Deputy Dawg

WHAT'S THE IDEA, DEPUTY? WHILE YOU'VE BIN SITTING AROUND HERE, SOME PESKY RUSTLERS HAVE RUN OFF WITH MA PRIZE BULL AN' SOME O'MA STEERS
YERK!
CRASH!

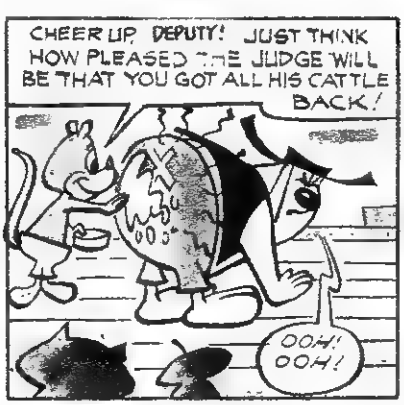


H'MMM! AH RECKON AH KNOW WHERE THEM RUSTLERS WILL BE HOLDIN' OUT. BUT AH JES' CAN'T WALK INTO THEIR CAMP WITHOUT SOME KIND O' TROUBLE!





HELP! LET'S GIT OUTA HERE! THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED!
THAT MOO'S COME T'HAUNT US FER STEALIN' IT'S PARDNERS.
GAWSH! THEY'VE ALL VAMOOSED! HEH! HEH!



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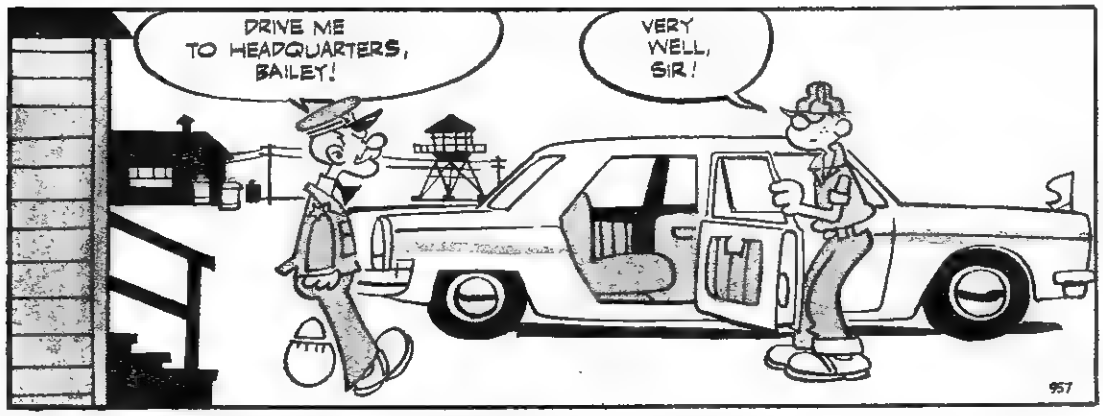
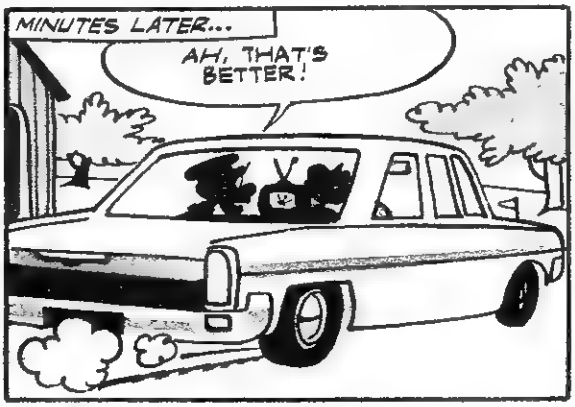
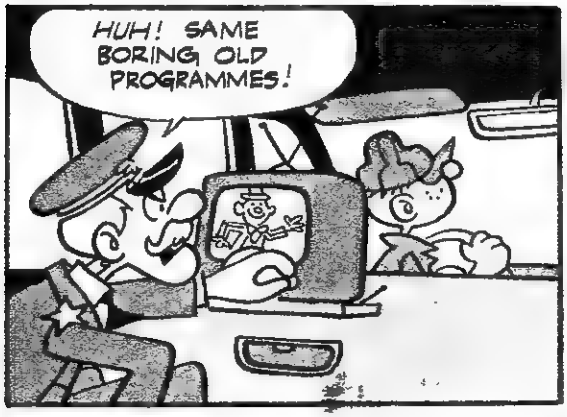
Deputy Dawg rides again next week.

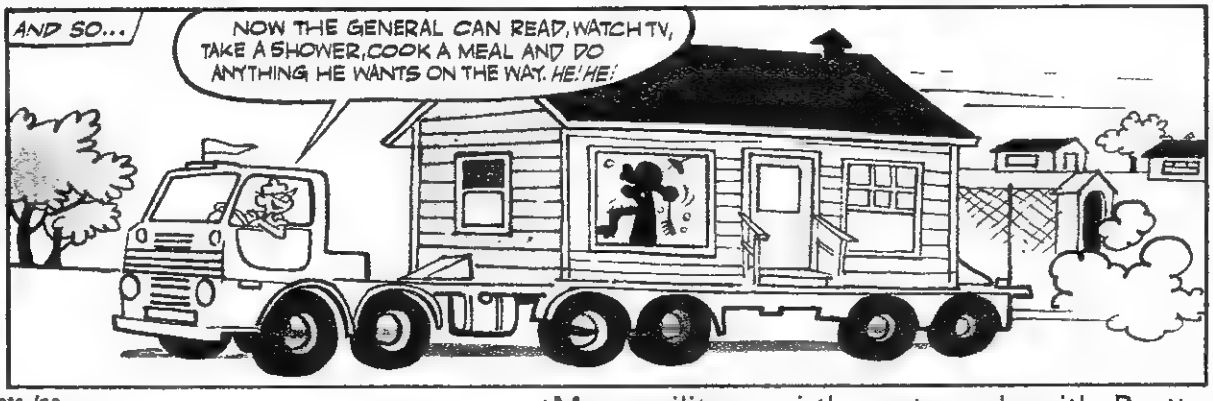
BEETLE BAILEY







SO BACK THEY GO AGAIN...
GOOD JOB WE TURNED BACK! I NEEDED A STRETCH!
I DON'T WANT TO HURRY YOU, SIR... BUT WE'LL BE LATE FOR HEADQUARTERS IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL!



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More military mirth next week with Beetle.

BUGS BUNNY
PRESENTS
PUSS IN BIN
A WITTLE BIRDIE JUST TOLD ME THAT SYLWESTER IS AFTER MY BWUD!
957
BUT THIS TIME I'M WEDDY FOR HIM ! BE PERPARED.... THAT'S MY MOTTO!
INTO BWATTLE!
EEEK!
GADZOOKS! IT MUST BE MY FATAL ATTRACTION ... I ATTRACT ALL BIRDS!
THUNK!
HELP! IT'S SYLWESTER! HELP! BIRD IN DISTWESS!
SEEMS LIKE EVERY THING COMES IN CANS THESE DAYS! EVEN CAN-ARIES! IT MAKES MORE WORK FOR US CATS!
HEY, CAT! WHAT ARE YOU A-DO'NG WITH THAT LITTLE CRITTUR ?
JAB! JAB!
ULP!
ER... GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR! I SHOULD... ER.. LIKE TO EXPLAIN THAT I'M MERELY TRYING TO FREE THIS POOR CREATURE OF THE AIR FROM THIS TIN TRAP!
DON'T BEWIEVE HIM, MISTER PWIWATE! IT'S ALL WIES!
H'MM! AH DON'T BELIEVE YUH.... BUT IT AIN'T A FAIR FIGHT, THAT BIRD BEING IN ARMOUR AN' ALL, AN' YOU WITH JEST YER MANGY SKIN!
GEE! YOU' RE RIGHT THERE, PIRATE!
BY MY RECKONIN' CAT, YOU SHOULD HAVE A SUIT OF ARMOUR, TOO!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING MY LANGUAGE! IT SURE IS KINDA NICE TO HAVE FRIENDS!
HELP! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO A FRIEND! I THOUGHT I WAS YOUR PAL!
I AM YER FR END CAT! AHM JUST HELPIN YUH INTO YER AR MOUR! SOME FOLKS AIN'T NEVER SATISFIED!
CLANG!
I MUST PROTEST, SIR.....
YER FORGOT YER HELMET, CAT!
BLANG!
RECKON AH'LL JUST RIVET DOWN HIS HELMET, INCASE IT SHOULD FALL OFF!
TAT! TAT! TAT! TAT!
HELP! HELP! HELP!
NOW AIN'T THAT JES' THE CUTEST SUIT O' ARMOUR YUH EVER DID SEE!
IT'S LOVERLY!
HELP! HELP!
THAT SOUNDS LIKE SYLVESTER....WHAT ON EARTH IS HE DOING IN THERE ?

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Meet Bugs again next week.

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1, Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C 4.

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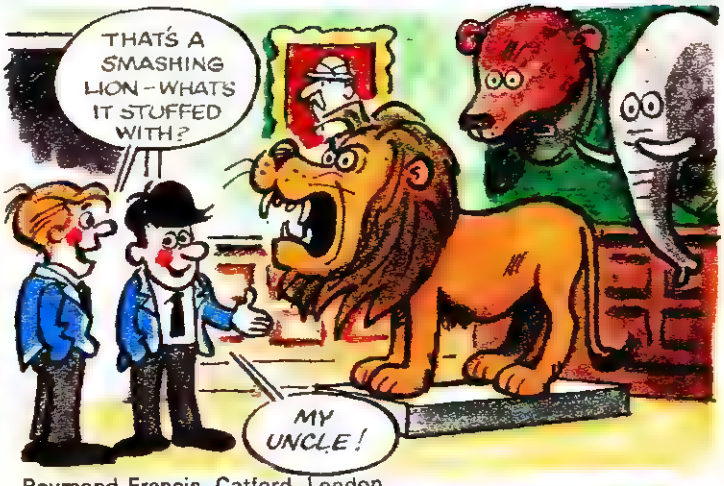
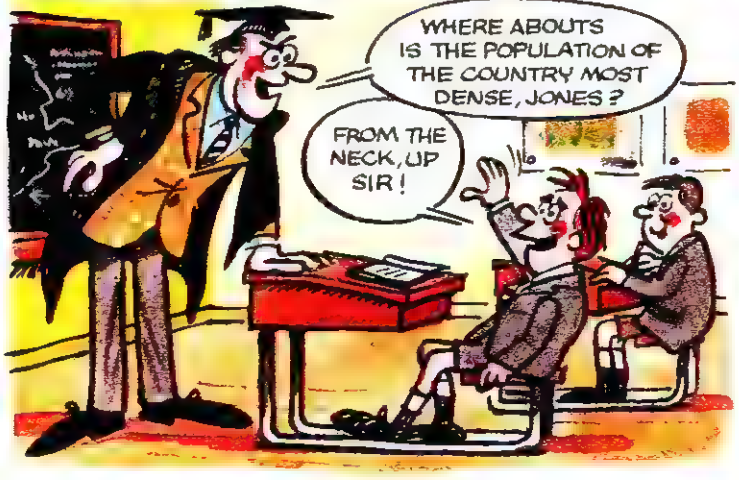
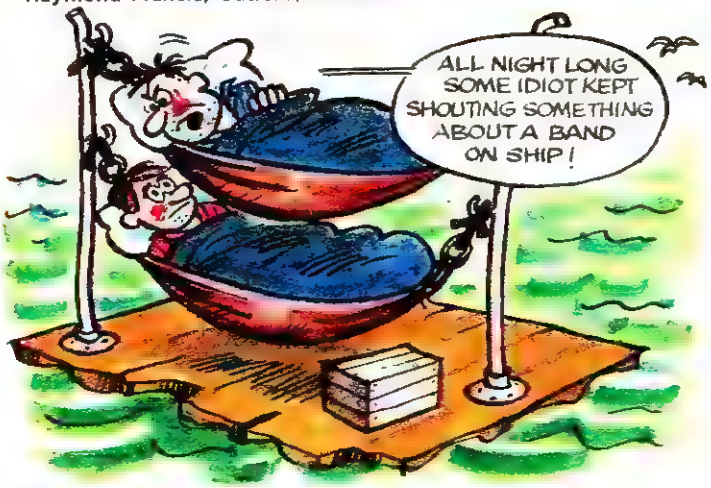


Raymond Francis, Catford, London.



Glenn Scott, Goole, E. Yorkshire.



Hassan Latif, Muswell Hill, London.

colour in a 'Smash' clown

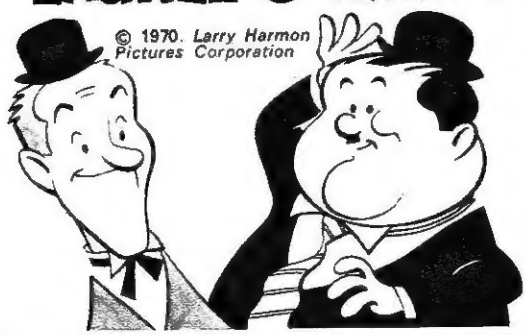
Big Smash only 4d.

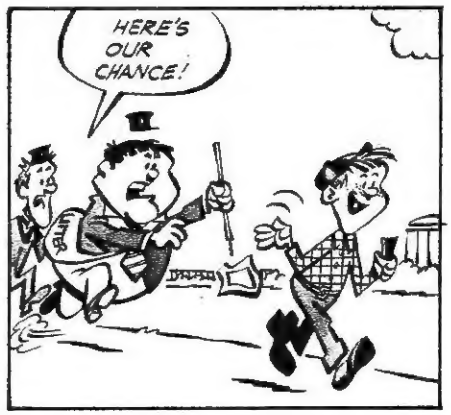
Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid

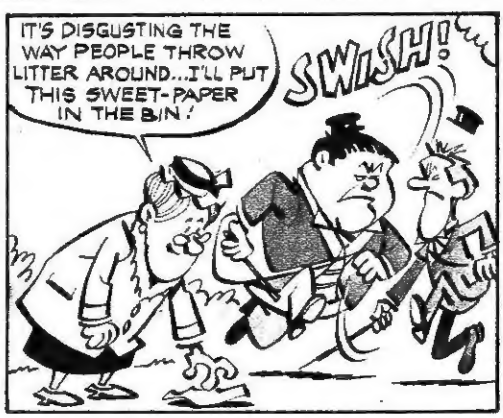
Larry Harmon's

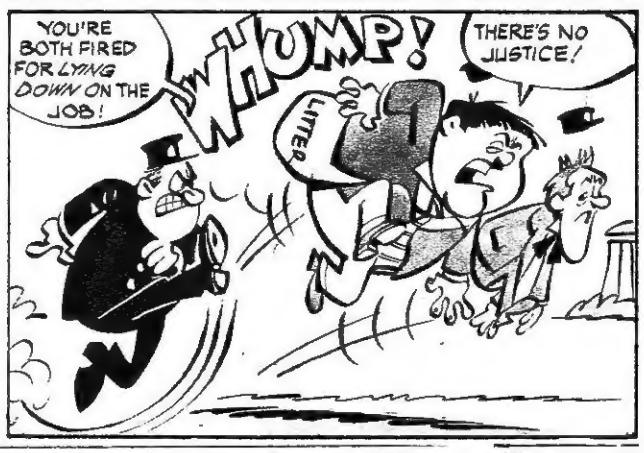
LAUREL & HARDY

© 1970. Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation









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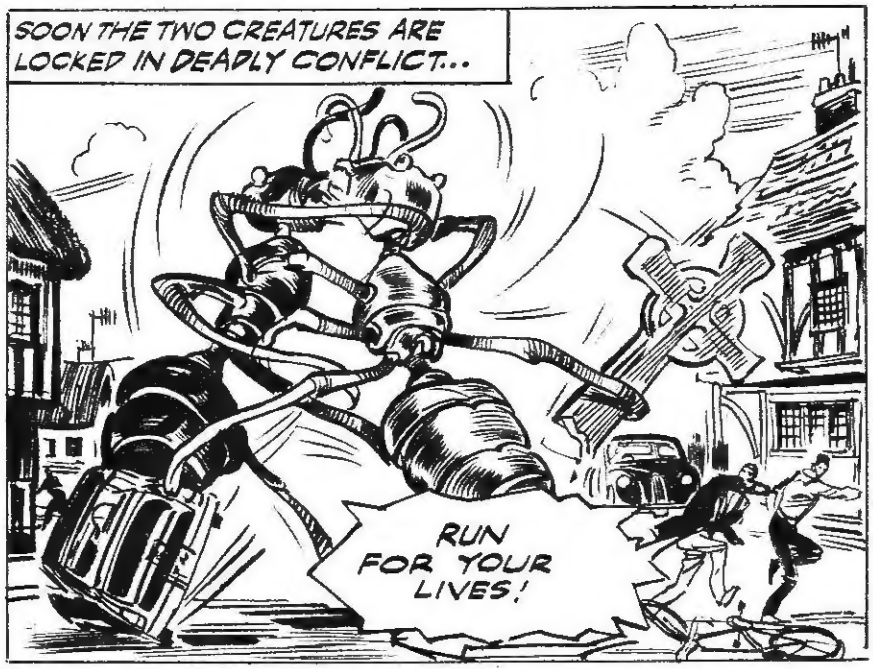
DOCTOR WHO

STRANGE happenings at a west country farm result in a caterpillar of giant proportions causing a road accident, late one night. U.N.I.T. are called in to cordon off the area and Dr. Who manages to render a second monster caterpillar unconscious, and so capture it . .

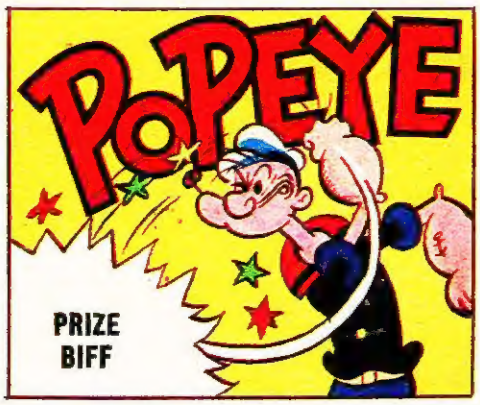
A FEW TESTS MAY REVEAL WHAT CAUSED IT TO GROW!
STORES
I HOPE SO! WE NEED TO TACKLE THIS PROBLEM BEFORE THERE'S A NATION-WIDE PANIC!

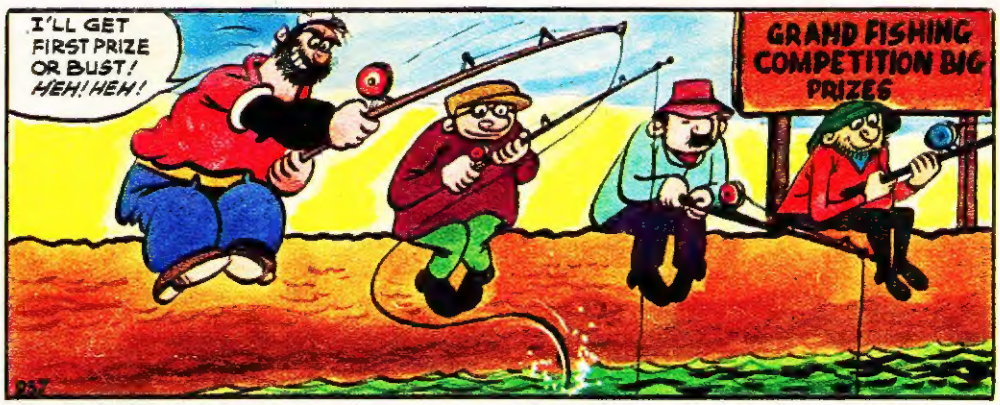
NOT FAR AWAY, AN ANT OF ANOTHER SPECIES MOVES IN THE SAME DIRECTION...
GLORY BE! OI'VE NEVER LAID EYES ON SUCH A THING IN ALL ME DAYS!

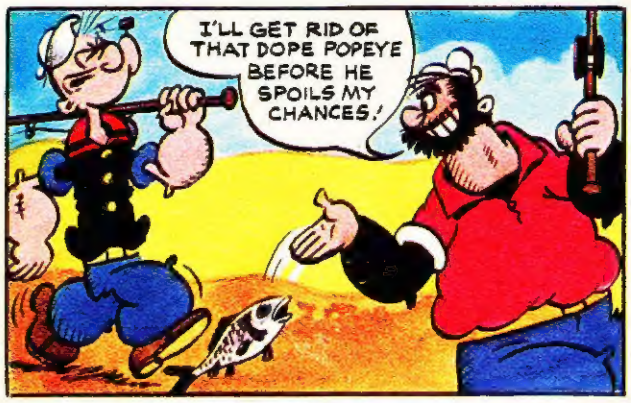


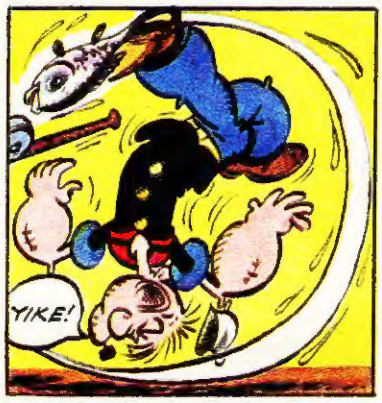
A LITTLE LATER, WORD OF THE MONSTER ANTS REACHES THE BRIGADIER...
THE VILLAGE OF CRAGWELL, YOU SAY?... WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
COME ON, DOCTOR! THIS SITUATION IS GETTING OUT OF HAND... TWO GIANT ANTS ARE DOING BATTLE NOT A MILE FROM HERE!
THIS CONFIRMS MY BELIEF THAT SOMETHING IN THIS AREA IS CAUSING THESE FREAKS!
BUT WHAT?... THAT'S THE POINT!
... AND HOW MANY MORE HIDEOUS CREATURES WILL TURN UP TO CAUSE HAVOC, I WONDER, BEFORE WE FIND OUT?
FROM NEARBY MARSHLAND, A DADDY-LONG-LEGS OF HORRIFYING SIZE FLITS SKYWARDS...
...CLOSING STEADILY TOWARDS THE DOCTOR'S HELICOPTER...

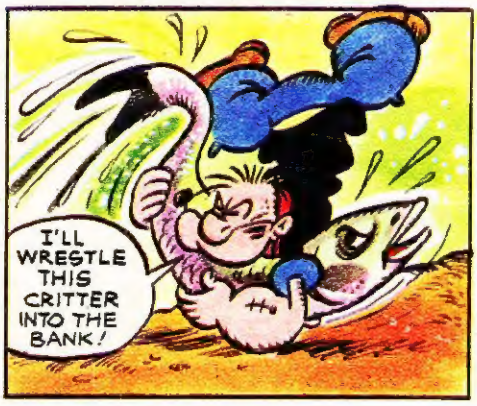
Will the giant insect attack?

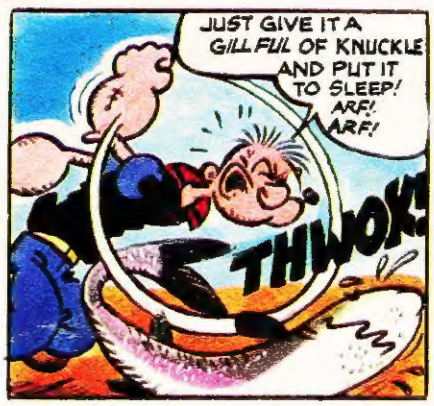


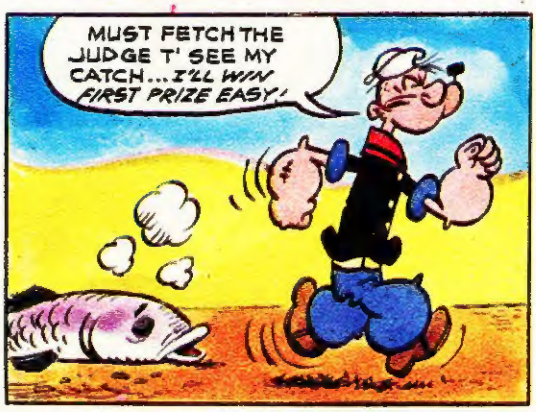


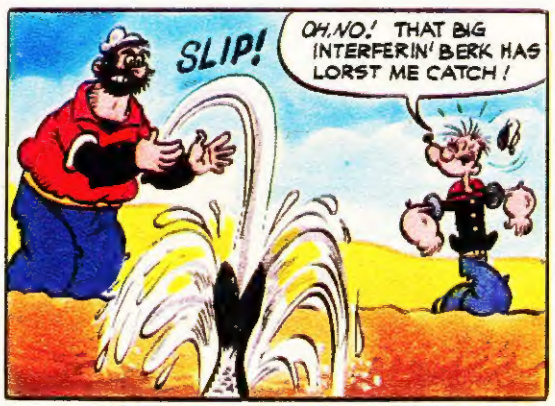


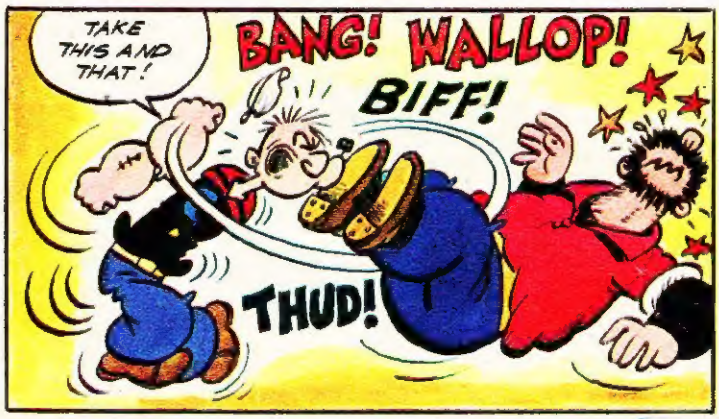


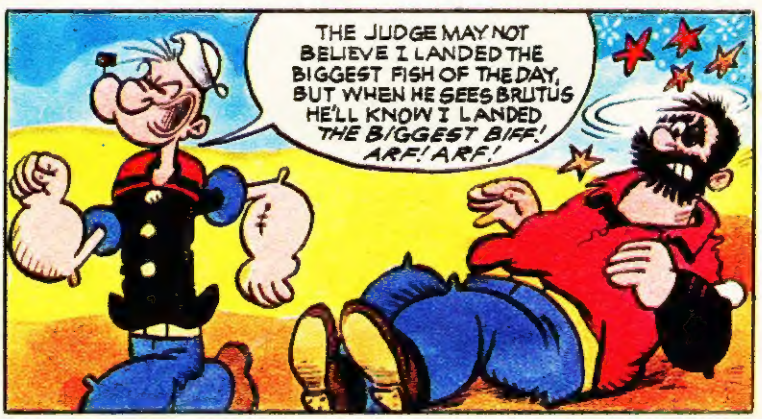











THE JUDGE MAY NOT BELIEVE I LANDED THE BIGGEST FISH OF THE DAY, BUT WHEN HE SEES BRUTUS HE'LL KNOW I LANDED THE BIGGEST BIFF! ARF! ARF!

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Granpappy's on his last sea-legs next week.